Books of the Week

Things That Relieve the Monotony of the Dull Season Slightly—More of Carlyle

THIS week's books, now that the dull season is upon us, do not make a specially imposing showing. First in importance, doubtless, comes Mr. Justin H. Smith's "Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec," which is touched upon elsewhere in this page. "The Saint of the Dragon's Dale," by William Stearns Davis, is the Macmillans' latest addition to their "Little Novels by Favorite Authors" series, but it hardly calls for serious consideration. It is in the supreme degree what the author terms it, "a fantastic tale."

Most interesting—or questionable—among recent announcements is John Lane's promise of a further contribution to the Carlyle controversy. The book, "The Nemesis of Froude," is to be published about the middle of the month, and, it is said, will dispose of Miss Geraldine Jewsbury forever.

Arnold's March Through the Wilderness.

IN "Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec: A Critical Study," Justin H. Smith has undertaken the difficult but fascinating task of tracing the route taken by the American invaders through the Maine woods. He has not only examined all the available data, compared the various old journals and accounts of the expedition, with a view to reconciling their many differences, but has personally gone over the actual ground, and endeavored, literally, to walk in the footsteps of Arnold's army.

Strange as it may seem, considering the amount of comment that march has called forth, Mr. Smith says that when he took up the subject he found it would have to be studied as though nothing had ever been written upon it.

We all know that late in the summer of 1775, when General Schuyler moved against Canada, Arnold, with a small force, was despatched through the Kennebec Valley in the hope of capturing Quebec, or at least of aiding Schuyler by diverting part of the British troops sent against him. As Mr. Smith puts it, the route of Arnold's detachment lay through an unknown region, a wilderness; and it would be a fascinating as well as difficult problem simply to disentangle the facts of the march, and so clear the way to a sound history of the expedition. Where did the gates of the wilderness open and close upon these daring patriots? What lakes were furrowed by their keels? At what bastion did they storm the granite wall of the Appalachians? How did they surmount the difficulties of the way and what were the steps of their progress?

But questions of still greater moment are involved in our inquiry. The march itself was a campaign—a campaign against the forest and the flood, against fatigue, sickness and famine. The contest proved close and pitiless, and the issue remained long in doubt. In so keen a struggle the smallest of circumstances was enough to throw the victory this way or that.

As has been said, several first hand reports of the expedition exist, though they vary sadly in many particulars. Of all our first hand reports, to quote, the one most commonly known and relied upon by those who have written on the subject is probably that of John Joseph Henry, one of the riflemen, who became in later life President of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania—in short, a judge. There are sufficient reasons for the vogue of this narrative. It is much more extended than any of the others, and far more readable than most of them; it was published in book form as early as 1812, while few of the others got into print until many years later or have ever come before the general public. And, finally, the high character and standing of the author seemed to place the seal of truth, and certainly did place the seal of honesty, upon its face. For us, however, Henry's tale, though still the most enjoyable of all perhaps, has a number of defects. He was only a boy of sixteen when he joined the expedition, and his lack of rank barred him from the circle of the officers.

So the first rank, Mr. Smith holds, must certainly be given to the one extant journal that has never been printed in full until now. That is Arnold's.

Arnold was a man of unusual intelligence and the commander of the expedition. He knew all that was known about the route and the orders to the troops. The main incidents of the march were pretty likely to be reported to him. Most of his journal was apparently written day by day, or not long after the events, and it was prepared with great care as a kind of report—in fact, at least the first part of it was forwarded to Washington. Only one thing seems to be lacking—perfect honesty on the part of the author. Arnold was always disposed to feel that the end justified the means.

Next in value stands, probably, the diary of Captain Dearborn, for, as Mr. Smith points out, the writer was not only a leader in the expedition, but was a man of unusual ability. Later in life he figured as Secretary of War, Major General, Commander in Chief of the army, Collector of Customs at Boston and Minister to Portugal. The manuscript of his journal, as it now exists, dates from March 25, 1777, and is not in his own writing, though it bears his name. Less full, complete and precise, but still of excellent character, is the testimony of Major Meigs, an intrepid soldier and able officer. Dearborn and Meigs appear to have compared notes, and each may have derived information from the other.

Following these come the record of the surgeon of the army, Dr. Senter, and the journals of Simeon Thayer, John Topham and William Humphrey; the diary of Captain Heath, of Morgan's Virginia riflemen, and the accounts of Abner Brooking, James Melvin and Caleb Haskell, and the somewhat apocryphal book by Joseph Ware, besides letters and other documents bearing on the subject. As will be seen, there are witnesses enough, and it is to the task of harmonizing these varying, confused and often inaccurate accounts that Mr. Smith has set himself. Just how the work has been accomplished, how every bit of evidence has been compared and sifted, naturally makes too long a story for any detailed account here. Suffice it to say that the volume under consideration furnishes the most complete and trustworthy account of Arnold's daring march that has taken shape.

Some of the author's conclusions, however, may be given. Concerning what Mr. Smith calls the pivotal point in the march—the point where the army left the Kennebec, turned its back on the known and plunged into the unknown—Mr. Smith has this to say:—

Seth Adams, it seems, lived on the Kennebec near where Arnold left it. His two sons fished for years in the neighborhood. "When they began Arnold's road was distinctly traceable, so people say, and so we can readily believe. They began as boys, and, as we may assume, about 1830, fifty-five years after the American army was here. It is well known that when evergreen woods are cut down—and as the journals prove, the forests in this neighborhood were evergreens—a growth of hardwood takes their place. This is a fact constantly relied upon by woodsmen in finding old roads and clearings. In 1830 there is good reason to suppose that Arnold's road was marked by a line of hardwood trees which could not be mistaken; and it is very natural, in the absence of anything to oppose that theory, to accept the tradition that the Adams boys followed this line—especially as Arnold's road, based on an Indian trail, was doubtless the best route. It is even easier to believe that the path so long travelled by them was the path one finds to-day, for people soon began to be numerous, and they were very sure to keep the trail alive, since it became the regular route from the Kennebec Valley to Dead River. We appear, then, to have a pedigree for the present road.

"Even were that not the case, we could hardly miss Arnold's trail. The point of departure, the destination and the direction by compass are known; and for a part of the way a deep gorge, where the outlet of the first pond flows, bounds the possibilities on that side. So we may safely be confident that we are here on the route of the army."

And so, by such methods as these, the entire route is traced as nearly as possible.

The book, which comes from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is enriched by the journal Arnold kept during the march, now published in its entirety for the first time.

Shakespeare's Indebtedness to the Bible.

SHAKESPEARE'S indebtedness to the Bible has been made the subject of an exhaustive inquiry by Mr. William Burgess. The author informs us that when he began his studies he had no idea of publication, but was led solely by personal interest, as the result of certain utterances concerning the "so-called absence of religion in Shakespeare." The evidence against this assumption, the author found, is so abundant and conclusive that it "amounts to a revelation." Consequently we have "The Bible in Shakespeare," a bulky volume, which has just been published by the Winona Publishing Company, of Chicago.

At the outset Mr. Burgess admits that Shakespeare is still "the poet of secular humanity." His contention is that the poet drew largely from the Bible for his loftiest thoughts and noblest inspirations; that he employed "Scripture teachings, facts, poetry, philosophy and language in his writings," and that he was a sincere believer and accepted the orthodox views current in his day.

That some of these contentions are open to question is fairly obvious, but that Shakespeare was familiar with the Scriptures and, consciously or unconsciously, made abundant use of his knowledge is indisputable. For, as Mr. Burgess points out, in Shakespeare's time the Bible was common property. The time had gone by when to read it was heresy. It was not only no longer a forbidden book, but almost the only book within reach of the common people. Mr. Burgess would go further and hold that "if Shakespeare had the advantage of any book in his early home, that book was probably the Bible. Indeed," he maintains, "it is probable that no other books were available to him during his early days, except, perhaps, Plutarch and such glimpses of history and the classics as he could obtain in his lessons at school."

Again, we are reminded that the King James version of the Bible took shape between 1604 and 1611, and that these years, together with the five following, were the greatest of Shakespeare's life. That he should not, under such circumstances, have become saturated with the thought and language of the Bible our author considers inconceivable. Still, little was quoted verbatim. But the "use of Biblical characters, facts, figures, doctrines and laws in the author's (Shakespeare's) own language is so common as to constitute one of the most remarkable of the many marvels of Shakespeare."

So much for the author's general contentions. For the rest—and this doubtless constitutes the valuable part of the book—he has gone laboriously through the plays and given us a chapter of references to lines in which the word God appears, another in which Biblical characters are mentioned and several devoted to Scriptural and Shakespearian parallels.

On the whole, it is a curious and interesting book.

Gossip of Books and the Makers of Books.

A LIMITED edition of two hundred copies of Thackeray's "Reading a Poem" is soon to be published by the A. Wessels Company. The sketch was first published in the Britannia, in May, 1841, under the title of "Loose Sketches," which was probably intended to apply to a series of similar tales. However that may be, the sketch was not reprinted until its issue in London, in 1891, in the "opuscula" of "The Settee of Odd Volumes," which were printed for private distribution. A brief account of "The Settee of Odd Volumes" is given in the introductory note of the present edition.

The book will be bound in paper boards and has been printed by the Wayside Department of the University Press. A portrait of Thackeray in photogravure as a frontispiece has also been added.

About the middle of the month John Lane will issue a new contribution to the Carlyle controversy. Its title, "The Nemesis of Froude," explains its scope, and when it is remembered that last month saw the publication of Froude's posthumous pamphlet, "My Relations with Carlyle," the nature of the subject matter is fairly evident. Sir James Crichton Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle, it is said, expect this volume to clear Thomas Carlyle's memory of the imputations of Geraldine Jewsbury eagerly clutched at by his biographer. Whether Miss Jewsbury looked "a flimsy tatter of a creature," as Mrs. Carlyle called her, readers of "The Nemesis of Froude" will have an opportunity of judging for themselves from the portrait which appears as the frontispiece.

Stage Life in Its Every Day Aspects.

NOVELS dealing with theatrical life are common enough, but it is rare to find one as sane and knowingly observed as John D. Barry's "A Daughter of Thespis" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston). Here is the truth about the stage, its workaday story—the story of its sordid grind, its petty jealousies and abiding vulgarities. For Evelyn Johnson, the young woman about whom Mr. Barry weaves his tale, had no romantic ambitions; she had become an actress simply to earn her living. At the time the tale opens she had been in the profession seven years, and had risen to the height of playing a "lead" in a second rate company, a company that "played" such places as Yonkers. In the interval, of course, she had fallen in love with her leading man. There doesn't seem to have been any special reason why she should have fallen in love with him, though we are informed he was a person "with a face that could bear being close shaven."

But propinquity counts in these matters on the stage as elsewhere, and there is a deal of propinquity on the stage. But the young man with the face that took so kindly to shaving chanced to play one season in another company. So, naturally, there was another love for him, a love that developed into a scandal and got into the newspapers. Evelyn, being a young person with reasonably correct views, promptly broke her engagement to marry him, and "began to hate the stage, the paint and powder, the dinginess of the dressing rooms, the sight of the dull faces of the audience." All this, of course, occurred before the closing night at Yonkers—it is at Yonkers that we first meet Evelyn—for on that night the rejected one appears on the scene, and, through the alcoholic defection of the regular man, is enabled to play his old part in the piece. There is an attempt on his part at a reconciliation, but it is never effected, and from that on the tale is devoted to a knowing presentation of the several characters that figure in the story. With this we get glimpses of every phase of stage life. We make the rounds of the agents' offices, attend rehearsals, take part in little triumphs and failures—in a word, see stage life from the inside.

This scene at Mrs. Freeman's "agency" is too good to pass. Evelyn had been rather ignored by the lady. As she stood there thinking how fittingly the photographs on the walls reflected on the collective vanity of actors, "a tall, handsome young man with a smooth face entered the room. Even if she had not seen him before, Evelyn would have known him, from his photographs, as one of the most successful actors on the stage and one of the most popular in the profession. His appearance was greeted with cries of welcome.

"'Why, Harry Davidson!' exclaimed Mrs. Freeman, seizing his extended hand and kissing him on the lips. 'When did you get in?'

"Several of the actresses crowded around him, laughing and shaking hands. The men stood apart and, leaning on their sticks, smiled amiably. Every one that he knew he greeted with extravagant demonstrations; several of the girls he kissed. Once he glanced at Evelyn, as if he expected her to bow to him; he probably thought he knew her; her picture must be somewhere in the collection on the wall.

"The sight of those pictures depressed Evelyn. Many were yellow with age, and the women, in their old fashioned gowns, looked like caricatures. With youth gone, what pathetic figures actors were! Evelyn had heard that the life of an actor was practically over at forty; at that age he had passed his prime, had become a mere hanger on. Well, she had thirteen years of work before her; but she should be dead before that time; she could not live through thirteen years more of weary travelling, of smoky, jolting trains, of sleepless nights, of snatched sandwiches.

"This gloomy picture was suddenly dissipated by the voice of Mrs. Freeman. 'Why, how are you?' the agent said, with a broad smile. 'I didn't know you at first. When did you come in?'"

There was some talk about a company that Evelyn was advised to try to get into, which led her to ask:—

"'Who's going to have the leading part?'

"'Helen Gordon. Harry Davidson here's going to do the hero. Saunderson actually got him away from the Metropolitan. Saunderson ain't stoppin' at nothin'. Three-fifty a week. Think of that!'

"'He is getting good people.'

"'It's a great chance for Gordon. She ain't appreciated in New York yet. By the way,' Mrs. Freeman added, looking vaguely around the room, 'she said she was coming to see about it this morning. She was tickled to death to get it. Well, you just leave your address with me. I s'pose you're off for home, ain't you? Something'll turn up before long, an' I'll let you know.'

"As Evelyn went down the steep flight of steps to the street she met a lady, whose extravagantly ornamented summer dress, together with the coquettish tilt of her straw hat, at once revealed a member of her own profession. Evelyn did not recognize her till they had met face to face.

"'Why, Evelyn! how do you do? I've just this minute been thinking of you. Been up at Mrs. Freeman's? You've heard of my engagement, haven't you? Isn't it splendid? Come back for a minute, won't you? I'm dying to have a talk with you.' * * *

"'So your engagement to Harold Seymour is broken! I was going to write to you, but you know how one feels about such things. But hasn't he been successful this winter, though? They say he made a big hit in "Over Jordan." Well, it's all in a lifetime, and it is life, it's experience. Oh, I've had too much experience in my life. I sometimes think; but after all, we only have one life to live, and I say let's live it.' Miss Gordon paused and looked into Evelyn's eyes. 'Got anything for next season?'

"'Not a thing.'

"'Oh, dear! I wish you were going to be with us. I've got the loveliest part. I haven't seen it yet, but Mrs. Freeman has told me about it. It's powerful. I'll show them what I can do. I knew my chance would come. Oh, if I could only tell you how that Edwards woman treated me this season. She was jealous of me, simply crazy. She cut down my part to the bone. It was everything for herself and nothing for the rest of us. Why, she'd never even let us take a call. One night in Detroit I got a call. Of course, I didn't go on; I'd been told not to. I stood in the wings, just smiling to myself. But I was wild! Well, old Barlow—he managers the theatre—know him?—big, gruff voice—he came out, and he rushed up to me, and he said:—'Why don't you take that call?' I said:—'Mrs. Edwards doesn't allow the company to take calls,' just as cool. Then he swore. It was awful! And he said:—'You go out and take that call.' So out I went, and, oh, I wish you could have seen the reception I got! But wasn't she mad, though? She was in the wings when I came off and she glared at me like a fiend. For three weeks she wouldn't speak to me. Just wait till I have a company of my own," Miss Gordon concluded. "I'll know enough to treat people decently."

"Evelyn could scarcely keep from smiling. She thought she could foresee what would happen if Miss Gordon did have a company.

"'She's all tricks, that woman is. She's got no more talent than that sign over there,' Miss Gordon went on, pointing to a placard on the door that read, 'All Engagements of Bradley & Stimson Are Made Through Mrs. Freeman.' 'Her favorite trick is holding the stage just before her entrance. She does that in everything.

"'It used to drive us nearly frantic. You know how awful it is to have to wait for any one right in the middle of a scene. She does it, of course, to get the audience all worked up watching for her, and then she bursts out on them. Sometimes her waits are nearly a quarter of a minute long. To us that used to seem a century. And then she would never allow us to go within ten feet of the footlights, and she'd never, never let us take the centre. One night I just determined to pay her back. You know that scene in "Mary Stuart" between Mary and Elizabeth? I played Elizabeth, of course. It's a fine chance for me. Well, it was in Detroit, the night after my row. I determined to clinch the success I'd made. So, just as I began my great speech, I took the centre. Oh, she was raving. "Get back! Get back" she screamed under her breath. They must have heard her in front. But I wouldn't budge. She was almost frothing at the mouth when the curtain went down. She took the call alone, and the audience howled for me. But I didn't care. I'd had all I wanted. I just sailed into my dressing room.'

"'It must have been horrid to be with her.'"

American Game Fishes, Large and Small.

TWO classes of fishermen are appealed to in the two latest additions to the American Sportsman's Library—the inland stalker of the crystal water game and the perhaps more adventurous sea hunter who pits his skill against the greater strength and equal cunning of them that whip through the salt water shunting along the Florida coast.

In "Bass, Pike, Perch and Others" (the Macmillan Company) James A. Henshall treats of the habits, methods and water wisdom of the more familiar fishes.

Valuable suggestions as to proper "tools and tackle," in this instance, are based upon wide personal experience rather than upon the dry, statistical researches of him who seeks exact classification and the tabular presentation of results.

It is the sportsman rather than the scientific adventurer who speaks, and for this reason, if for no other, the substance and language of the work appeal the more immediately to the angling rank and file.

And yet there is no lack of thorough classification. The family groups are strictly treated and considered, but the value of the work must depend upon the wider, broader treatment of fishes with whose habits and habitat the ordinary angler is already familiar.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the work is devoted to the bass family. The fresh water fisherman will find in this subdivision of the volume valuable suggestions for the bedazzlement of his prospective game. Characterized as a "bold biter," the bass is described as furnishing the best of sport for those confined to angling in inland waters. Suggestions as to the proper rod and reel are found in abundance.

Pickerel and pike are treated exhaustively, and the perch family, as well, comes in for careful consideration.

Perhaps the more interesting work, speaking in the larger sense, is "Big Game Fishes of the United States" (also the Macmillan Company).

The author, Mr. Charles F. Holder, has taken up a species of game unfamiliar to many devotees of the rod and unforgettable to those who have made sporting pilgrimages to the Florida coasts.

The tuna will likely live in the memory of these fortunate sportsmen as perhaps the best equipped under water game it is the fortune of man to pursue. Its tremendous strength, fertility of resource and habit of succumbing only to the perfection of science and skill recommend it to the more daring hunters of the sea.

"The time was," says the preface, "when the definition of game fish included the reservation that it must be edible, like the salmon or trout; but with the coming of the tarpon, or silver king, and the leaping tuna preconceived notions were revolutionized.

"What tiger and lion hunting is to the sportsman, the taking of these ocean giants is to the sea angler, who often takes his life in his hands as, with all the chances on the side of the fish, he plays the great game in the open sea from one to fourteen hours."

And in very truth, if the tales of the fishermen of the Florida coasts are to be believed, there is no lack of danger in a sport conducted with perhaps less fanfare but with quite as great risks as that of the adventurer of the jungle.

The deep sea jungle, for jungle it undoubtedly is, is explored with flimsier weapons and smaller entourage than customarily appertain to the seemingly more daring dry land hunter, but the risks are none the less numerous.

There are many chapters in this work which will appeal to the more strenuous among this country's great army of sportsmen, and the hints given as to the best methods of insuring successful issuance of the battle are of the utmost value.

Again the standpoint is that of the angler for the sport's sake, but the great game of the sea are properly classified, so that the work is of twofold value.

"The MS. in the Red Box" and Some Advice to Amateur Authors

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, Friday.

MR. JOHN LANE'S mysterious MS. in a red box, discovered by him, as I told you some weeks ago, now that the book is published, is creating a considerable amount of interest.

It was thought the mystery would be solved immediately the book was published, and that the unknown author would be sure then to reveal himself—when the book was found to be a success, which it undoubtedly is—but no, he remains silent on the subject.

The reason for the curious title of the book is interesting, too. Mr. Lane did not know what to call it. It seems that Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mr. Henry Harland, Mr. W. J. Locke, Professor Yorke Powell and others wrote, almost simultaneously, suggesting that as the MS. was found in the publisher's red box it should be entitled "The MS. in the Red Box." As such it has been published.

According to the Dundee Advertiser, something has been heard of the author. A certain clergyman belonging to Newport, Fifeshire, declares the MS. passed through his hands. He says that it is the work of a scholarly recluse who resides either in or near Falmouth, and who, from the retired manner of his life, was not sufficiently acquainted with publishing ways to enable him to put his work on the literary market in the usual fashion. He therefore sent the manuscript to his clerical friend, in order that he might consider its merit.

Played Hoax on Authors.

A certain author, who is more of a humorist than many would imagine him, has written to the Morning Post telling an amusing story of how he conceived the notion of posing as a young, anxious author.

He wrote to a number of successful writers asking their advice on how to work, from which it would appear that authors must be a more than usually good natured class of people.

Here are some of this joker's gleanings:—

One writer said:—"Avoid calling a spade a spade unless you wish the circulating libraries to fight shy of your work."

Another said:—"Don't call it an agricultural implement or the realists will be down on you."

A successful lady novelist recommended him always to make virtue triumphant. Another enjoined him to make his heroes quite white and his villains quite black, so that they might be easily distinguished by all who run and read.

An old hand advised plenty of plot, with snacks of humor by way of refreshment.

Another said:—"Just get hold of a good advertising title and work up to it."

Among hints that he received he noted that he was to avoid children, because heroes and heroines with encumbrances became unmanageable. It was impossible to make them happy ever after.

He was told to steer clear of incidents which might lead him into melodrama, to shun "facts that are stranger than fiction," "stick to monosyllables," "forswear dialects" and "beware of funny children and garrulous old folks, cockneys, America, kailyard, cranks and Celtic and Gaelic curiosities."

The "woman with a past," he was advised, was played out, as was India, and the "man with a future must be kept for boys' books only."

"Girls of the period" were done to death; young married flirts were stale, flat and unprofitable; the historical ragout was hashed to rags, and as for the name of Elizabeth, he must flee from it as he would from the devil. In all of which chaff there is not an inconsiderable amount of truth.

Still More August Magazines.

EDUCATION dominates the August number of the World's Work, there being no less than eight articles devoted to this subject. Booker T. Washington leads off with "The Successful Training of the Negro." This is followed by "The Education of Women," by J. M. Taylor; "The Democratic Education of the Middle West," by Frederick J. Turner; "Farmer Children Need Farmer Studies," by Clarence H. Poe; "Teaching Soldiers How to Shoot," by Charles T. Boyd; "The Year's Educational Progress," by William De Witt Hyde; "A Successful Revolution in Grading Pupils," by William J. Shearer; "A New Definition of the Cultivated Man," by Charles W. Eliot, and "The Right Physical Start in Education," by M. V. O'Shea. Besides, there are the usual contributions on other topics of interest.

The second number of the Navy League Journal, which, as the title indicates, is devoted to the cause of the recently organized Navy League, has for its leading articles "Our Growing Sea Power" and "The Strategic and Commercial Value of Our Domination of the North Pacific."

The sketch of Paul Jones begun last month is continued, and there is a description of his famous sea fight in the Bon Homme Richard against the Serapis.

The number has also a picture of the Kearsarge, the flagship of our European squadron, and an account of the reception of our squadron under command of Admiral Cotton by the German Emperor, at Kiel.

FOR THE WOMEN.

Paris fashions for outdoor wear; desert tent life for women; bags and bands to secure favors and jewels, and many things that housewives want to know.

MOSQUITO'S DEFENCE.

John Kendrick Bangs, who is an enthusiastic entomologist and the lifelong friend of the mosquito, has a heart to heart talk with an Old Settler.

MAKING DIAMONDS.

Mr. A. Frederick Collins has written a most interesting article giving the details of this latest miracle of modern science.

THE LADY OR THE JANITOR?

Which tells the truth? It would be impolite to question the lady's word, but the janitor does and avers that he is entitled to a hearing. An impartial exposition of a characteristic phase of New York domestic life.

THE REAL GENIUS OF AMERICANISM.

Strikingly exemplified by thousands of boys who are working their way through college. They are the brainy, brawny chaps who are toiling through the summer that they may strive for the great life prizes that a college training brings within reach.

"COMEDY OF THE FIRST EDITION."

A well conceived short story, by Belle Moses, who has turned out a crisply told tale, marked with deft touches.

THE PARADISE OF THE HORSE.

In the vicinity of Lexington, Ky., in the famous Blue Grass region. There the thoroughbred is housed in almost a palatial style as a result of the introduction of modern methods in stock breeding.

SYMPHONY IN SLEET AND SNOW.

During the hot spell it will not be entirely disagreeable to read of the adventures of a young New Yorker and his wife in Newfoundland. It will give you sympathetic shivers.

YOU MAY KEEP COOL.

Comfort in hot weather on the roof tops of New York and some aerial delights, with pleasing photographs.

SONGS, SEA BREEZE, SPOONS.

Stephen Bonsal takes a trip in the floating vaudeville show and gives a sprightly narrative of his experience and what he observed.